

ELIMINATION PROCESS AT CAMP ABOUT OVER

Men At Officers' School Who Have Got By The Benzine Board Assured Of Commissions.

(By Lyle Abbott)

HEADQUARTERS FIRST INFANTRY COMPANY, Fort Stanley, Texas, Oct. 28.—It is to sigh with relief. The first two strenuous months of training in the officers' reserve corps have passed, and the 110 men remaining in the first company (out of an original 175) now feel reasonably safe from the "Benzine Board."

In other words, the process of weeding out the misfits has now about ended. The company gets down to work in deadly earnest again commencing tomorrow. Training in leading units in all sorts of attack and defense will be given the men. Hitherto, a man called out of ranks to drill the company was what the major calls a "blown up sucker"—a candidate for the benzine board. All men, who, by reason of their physique or mental and moral qualities were considered undesirable, have been given chances to command the company. It is the object of the camp to disclose the leadership hidden away in the civilian, and men who through low grades have been under suspicion, and have shown themselves able to boss a company around in drill and mimic battle, have been retained.

The procedure is something like this: Bill has been dull at conference. He has looked sloppy at retreat. His attention at drill was poor. Bill got on the "skin list" and had his name jotted down in the little black note book the major totes around. All right.

The company is formed in line out on the drill ground. The major gives the command "At Ease!" and pulls out his little black book. Bill and everybody else whose conscience hurts him find it impossible to stand at ease. They think the major should have commanded, "Brace Yourself."

All the bills feel a prickly sensation where they wear the haversack. The major thumbs through the book. The company wiggles on one foot and then on another. All try to look as though the major just simply couldn't call out their names. Pretty soon the suspense becomes terrible. The major looks up with a faint near-smile on his deeply tanned Philippine complexion and says: "Mr. Jones—company commander; Mr. Smith—company commander of the first platoon; Mr. Brown—second platoon—"; and so on, until he has designated leaders and guides for the platoons.

"Take charge of the company," the brief order finds Jones out in front of the company. His first command must be to call the company to attention—one of the hardest to enunciate in the whole category of commands. The line looks a mile long. Jones sees a row of faces. He doesn't recognize them as those of his comrades. They represent judges on the bench about to put on the black cap. Upon their response to his orders will depend whether he stays with the company or gets marked, "from duty to discharge, acc't military inaptitude."

Let us suppose that Jones is the average candidate. He collects his wits carefully, determined to make that company step around lively. About that time, the instructor leans over and whispers in his ear, "Form column and march 'em to the rear."

Now, if you had asked Jones to do that in class, he would have answered pertly: "Signals right. Column right. March!" Easy. But now the command won't come. The aforementioned wits aren't collected worth a darn. Jones sends out some mental scouts and begins to round up his thoughts.

"Well, hurry up! We haven't got all day. There are others (you will) who have to command this company today. Do something!"

By now, if Jones ever had a sane thought, it's gone. He gulps and squeaks out his command. The rear rank snickers—unless an instructor happens to be high—and the company wobbles through the movement.

Maybe Jones comes out of his trance when he sees something actually happen at his command. His face brightens—he is not so pale and shaky. He finds out what the instructor wants him to do, and he takes a long breath, relaxes the muscles of his throat and bellows out a command that would do for a brigade. Everybody feels relieved, for Jones is a favorite and it seems that he has fooled himself.

While he is maneuvering the company, one of the officers is looking around for the best piece of terrain within the reservation. Finding a hunk of land to his satisfaction, he returns and informs Jones that the company is across there in large numbers. "This company attacks at once. What do you do?"

Jones looks her over and sees no vestige of a hush. He remembers what the book says about using all available cover for troops. He knows that if he was really company commander, he would never ask his men to charge across that flat. But charge he must "adopting such formations as will result in a minimum of losses and fatigue."

He disposes his men in lines, lying prone. He starts the rushes. He gets excited. He lifts his head to howl out a squad leader who, at a distance of 75 paces didn't understand a whispered order.

"You're dead," yells the instructor. "You raised your head up and a million bullets hit it and not a one penetrated. Great Scott! (and other expressions). How in the well known Winter resort do you think you can lead a company when you have your head full of lead?"

Take another phase of it. Old-timer at the helm. Formerly a windjammer in the Philippines. Gets his mail addressed to Rev. J. Q. W—. He has a platoon—32 men. Hands them a command and they stray all over.

"What the blink blank blank! Where in the dashed dash dash are you going. Get to Hades back here with those men!"

"Why, Mr. W—," says the major, coming up from behind. "I thought you were a minister."

The expressive reverend whirled, snags his heels together and comes to a stiff soldierly salute.

"I was, sir. But the army is no place for a minister or a minister's son." Turning to the platoon—"Get in some kind of a blank dashed shape, you mess of variously qualified rookies, you mess—"

And the major is hugely pleased and marks W— with an E-plus. Inspection which takes place immediately after retreat each afternoon, now occupies but little time. The companies have been much depleted by the benzine board. The third company suffered deeply. Over in their organization they say they have dropped the command, "Squads left." Now, they say, "What's left?"

Tables at which nine men have been eating now accommodate but eight, seven or less, and sometimes a fellow gets an extra piece of pie. "Pie?" you ask—"Do they have pie?" They do. They also have bread. No other loaf is bread. The only bread is baked in army field bakeries. In town, so-called bakers sell so-called bread at 10 cents for a short loaf. Here, they bake 1,200 two-pound loaves of real, genuine honest to John bread every day. And the soldier eats just as much of it as his tummy will hold and it never costs him a cent. Uncle Samuel believes in feeding his men. He does a lot of other things for them. He opens stores in their posts. At these stores, Sammys buy themselves clothes, notions, tobacco, simple candies of the purest sort. For a half-pound cake of sweet chocolate—retailed for 35 cents, he pays 17 cents. He buys real wool underwear at 77 cents a garment—worth \$2.50 a garment in a "swell" haberdashery.

News came to camp today of the first occupation of front line trenches by American troops. Groups of students gathered to discuss the step. Half the men in this camp would trade their chances for commissions for a corporal's job in France, and many near every man has developed an itch to get over there and see what Fritz holds in his hand.

COMMITTEES ARE AIDING WORK OF ARMY Y.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

C. A. Gummere, who is working in this county in the interests of the army Y. M. C. A. activities, returned yesterday from his trip into the Jerome-Clarkdale district, and states that the work in that section is already going forward in the hands of a competent and enterprising executive committee.

At a meeting held on Friday at Jerome, a committee consisting of W. H. Archdeacon, H. W. Lewis, R. C. Lane, Prof. R. G. Stevenson and L. A. Kehr, was named to assume charge of the movement in the Verde district.

Messrs. Knight and Colvocoresses of Humboldt have been appointed to look after the work in that part of the county. Mr. Gummere yesterday afternoon addressed a meeting of the mothers of the boys who are now in the camps and cantonments, the gathering having been held in the Prescott High school auditorium. Arrangements were made at this meeting to help the Y. work in every manner, and to keep in touch with the activities of the boys in the army as far as possible.

FORMAN DETAILS HIS MURDER OF TONIOLO

SELF-CONFESSED SLAYER OF MEXICAN MINER AT JEROME IN 1901 IS LODGED BEHIND BARS IN COUNTY JAIL HERE.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Rice D. Forman, who last week confessed to the authorities at San Bernardino, Cal., that he had killed a man at Jerome in June, 1901, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon in charge of Under Sheriff Johnny Robinson, and is now confined in the county jail to await his trial. Forman waived his extradition rights and came back without giving the authorities any trouble.

When interviewed yesterday evening at the county jail by a Journal-Miner representative, Forman did not hesitate to tell of the murder with which he is charged, being reticent only when questioned as to the motive which had impelled him to make his confession to the California officers. Forman is a man of about 55 years of age, gray-haired, white-faced, and of an appearance which would indicate that his life had been anything but one of ease. According to his statements, he has been employed at a variety of tasks since making his escape from Yavapai county 16 years ago, his work having ranged from peeling potatoes on a Southern Pacific lumber schooner on the Pacific, to helping build the McDade tubes under the Hudson river, between New York and the Jersey side.

Forman Tells His Story.

Forman's story of the circumstances of the murder and of his subsequent escape was as follows:

"I had been working in the lower levels of the United Verde at Jerome for some little time when the trouble between myself and Franco Toniolo took place.

"As you probably know, there is a rule which governs the manner in which employees of mines must get on and off of the skips which carry the men to their stations underground. The rules of safety provide that the men must get onto the skip from a certain side. The other sides of the skips are usually protected by having a wooden wall or fence built up against them so that a man cannot get on from any but the proper side. However, on the skip on which I had to make my trips up and down the shaft, the boards had been knocked off the unused side, and I and a number of the other workmen had been in the habit of boarding the skip from the forbidden entrance. If any of us were caught getting on and off the skip from this side we were discharged. One morning Toniolo saw me getting on the skip through the hole in the wall, and he at once reported me to the company officers, and I was discharged soon afterwards. The fact that the Mexican had reported me to the superintendent made me quite angry, and the next morning I went to the shaft entrance as Toniolo was going to work, and after 'bawling him out' for a few minutes because of his actions in reporting me, I picked up a shovel, and struck him over the head with it. He was knocked cold, and fell to the earth. At that time I did not know that he was dead, and I took off a large hat which one of the miners was wearing, and went to a water tap and filled it with water. This I took back and threw in the face of my victim. He did not move or come to, and I gave up the attempt to revive him. None of the fellows who witnessed the scrap believed that the man was dead, and when I started away from the mine entrance, no one made any attempt to stop me.

Realizes His Predicament.

"Realizing that I might have killed the man, I decided to get out of the country, and I struck out across the mountains. I kept off the roads as much as possible and went down through Yaggar canyon across to Joe Mayer's place. From there I started down the Black canyon road, and passed the New River station and came to the old Phoenix mine. Here I worked several shifts, and it was while I was at work here, I learned that Toniolo was dead. I knew then that I must make my escape, and I continued on toward Phoenix. I did not go into town, but hung around the outskirts of the place for several days, and then went to Tempe. Here I worked for a short time, and then started out south again. I struck the Southern Pacific tracks at Maricopa Wells, and had been there but a few minutes when a westbound freight came along. I rode the train to Yuma and stayed there a while, and then went to Colton, and from there to Los Angeles. Here I shipped on a Southern Pacific schooner and went to 'Prisco.'

MCRE PUBLICITY FOR CAMPS IN THIS COUNTY

(From Sunday's Daily.)

W. A. Root, representing the Mining & Scientific Press of San Francisco, arrived in Prescott yesterday, and expects to spend the next ten days or two weeks looking over the mining districts of Yavapai county with a view of writing them up in the publication which he represents. His first trip will be into the Mayer-Humboldt-Crown King section.

Mr. Root came here from Mohave county, and reports that things up in the Chloride country are on the boom with a number of the larger properties already getting into the producing class. A couple of custom mills have been put into operation and the district is feeling the good effects of the high metal prices. While the complexities of that district have always presented more or less of a problem in the matter of reduction, new methods have rendered these difficulties less formidable than they were in the old days, and a real, live camp is in the making at Chloride as a result. Outman, according to Mr. Root, has apparently gone into a slough of despond, and with the exception of the activities at the United Eastern and the Tom Reed, the district appears to be pretty much on the blink, and is far from being the tip-sporting camp which it was about 18 months ago when the big boom was in progress.

Buffalo. From the latter city, I continued my trip into New York City and worked a long time on the Hudson river tunnels.

Preyed On His Mind.

"Eventually I drifted back into the West again, and went to the Hawaiian islands. Since that time I have been in Canada and Mexico, and in California most of the time. All the time the memory of my deed was preying on my mind, and I finally got so that I could not sleep. I longed to tell the story and return to Yavapai county and square the account, and when favorable conditions came along, I did make the confession, and here I am. That is about all I have to say for publication just now. The details of how and why I confessed will probably come out during the trial. I am ready to go into court at any time now and enter a plea of guilty."

Details of the Confession.

While Forman refused to disclose to the newspaper reporter the details of his confession it seems that he had told the whole story to Under Sheriff Robinson on the way from San Bernardino to this city.

Forman had been in Needles for some time, and had been arrested there on a misdemeanor charge, probably drunkenness, and had been given 90 days in the jail at San Bernardino, the county seat. During the time that he was in jail there a woman revivalist came along and spent some time among the inmates of the jail, with the result that Forman became more than ever convinced that he should confess his crime. It seems that shortly prior to his arrest in Needles, he had made a boast to some of his acquaintances that he was a German spy, and when the authorities heard of the boast, they at once took the Bertillon measurements of the man, and also made a record of his fingerprints, and when this was done, Forman said he felt sure that sooner or later the Arizona authorities would hear of the matter, and formally accuse him of the old murder. In the face of all these circumstances, the man decided to confess, and called in Sheriff McMinn of San Bernardino county and told his story. The story was taken down in shorthand, and Sheriff Joe Young notified. While the crime had long since been forgotten by the local authorities, the matter was investigated on the old records of the sheriff's office, and when it was found that Forman's story was in all probability true, Officer Robinson went after the self-confessed murderer and brought him back for trial in this city.

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TO RAISE FUNDS FOR WORK OF ARMY Y

YAVAPAI COUNTY WILL BE ASKED FOR THE SUM OF \$10,000 FOR PUR- POSE OF PROVIDING CAMP ACCOMMODATIONS

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

C. A. Gummere, who is here from Los Angeles in the interests of the army Y. M. C. A. work, stated yesterday evening at a dinner given at the Yavapai Club, that the City of Prescott and Yavapai county would be called upon for the sum of \$10,000 as the county's apportionment of the \$50,000 which had been pledged by the State for the work.

According to plans made at the dinner, teams will be formed and a systematic canvass of the city and county will be made within the next few days for the purpose of soliciting funds. The States of Arizona and New Mexico and the western part of the State of Texas have been asked to raise \$100,000, the money to be expended in the work of maintaining the Y. headquarters in the various camps and cantonments. Mr. Gummere explained that at the present time, with the exception of the Y. headquarters, there was practically no place for the soldier to spend his leisure hours except in the brothels which have sprung up within a short distance of many of the camps, and that the men were fast falling prey to insidious dangers which accompanied the presence of these undesirable.

Dr. J. W. Flinn supplemented the remarks of Mr. Gummere by telling of the good which had come to the knowledge as a result of the work of the army Y. and read some letters from the boys in camp in which the writers told of the benefits which the men were deriving from the presence of the Y. tents. Rev. H. H. Shires, LeRoy Anderson and M. B. Hazeltine also delivered short addresses in which they gave their sanction to the enterprise which Mr. Gummere was representing.

At the present time, said Mr. Gummere, there is a great need of Y. M. C. A. secretaries in the ranks of the Russian army, the Y. being a powerful influence in the matter of supporting the morale of the fighting forces. If the Y. organization can put several hundred secretaries in the Russian army, through the moral support of such an organization, could be whipped into shape so that it would at least become an element of defense instead of offering but a passive resistance to the invading Germans. If the sum of \$10,000,000 could be raised in the United States by the Y. forces and applied to the work now going on in the French army, at least one million lives could be saved during the progress of the coming Spring drive, the morale of the soldiers being strengthened to such an extent through the example set them by the Y. workers, that their efficiency would be increased many fold.

Another meeting of the local workers will be held at the Yavapai Club on Monday noon next, and at this time some definite information as to the activities of the local committees will be outlined.

LABOR AGENCY IS FILLING LONG FELT WANT

PHOENIX, Nov. 3.—The first monthly report of the Arizona free employment bureau, jointly maintained by the U. S. immigration bureau and the State of Arizona, is a most satisfactory vindication of the necessity of such a clearing-house for brains and brawn in this State.

In October, 829 males and 16 females secured jobs through this bureau and these figures do not include many men employed from the waiting groups in front of the office, for which the bureau receives no credit.

Recently, while Governor Campbell was in Prescott, a sheep owner requested him to get three sheep herders and send them to Mohave county. Inside of three days, the men were on their way to work.

State Manager Charles W. Hartman, states that he has applications from persons in all lines of human activity and can, in nearly all cases, furnish any kind of help desired.

There were 88 live opportunities for employment at the close of business on October 31st. Opportunities unfilled during the month were 336, showing that the demand in Arizona is greater than the supply in many occupations at the present time.

GIPSY FORCED TO MAKE THEFT GOOD

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Chief of Police Tom McMahon yesterday afternoon arrested one of the female members of the band of gypsies which has been hanging around the city for the past few days, the woman being charged with having by some mysterious process extracted \$20 in bills from a prominent citizen of this place who had attempted to have the lady tell his fortune.

The woman, it seems, had asked

him to let her hold the money for a few minutes in order to bring good luck to the owner, but after an interval of a few seconds, the cash disappeared, and instead of good luck, the victim soon decided that his luck was exceedingly bad, and called in a cop. The gypsy was taken before City Clerk Whisman, and for a time made vehement denials of the theft. However, she was ordered to jail, and at this point, she agreed that rather than spend the night in the hoosegow, she would "borrow" the amount from another woman in the gang and make good the man's loss. A gypsy kid was dispatched post-haste to the camp of the wanderers to obtain the cash, while the accused woman remained in charge of the officer. The kid soon returned with the \$20 and the woman was allowed to go, after the chief had given the leaders of the vagabonds a pressing invitation to beat it, and in the future to make themselves scarce around this part of the State.

CIRCUS MAN IS JAILED AS A SLACKER

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Officer Carlson of Jerome was in Prescott yesterday afternoon to attend the hearing of Walter C. Atkinson, the latter being charged with failure to register. Atkinson, who was an employee of the circus company which showed here a week or so ago, failed to produce a registration card when he was haled before U. S. Commissioner Haworth, and was ordered held in jail until the March term of the United States court.

Atkinson, according to the officer who arrested him, had a suspicious look while he was working about the circus lot, and the officer asked him to produce his registration card. The man told the officer that he had been dishonorably discharged from the regular army, and that therefore he had not been required to register. When he found that this story did not make much of an impression, he stated that he was 33 years of age, but according to his discharge papers, which were dated less than a year ago, the man was but 25 years of age, and the commissioner believed that he should tell his troubles to Judge Sawtelle, and ordered him held.

CUNNING CUPID COUNTER ATTACKS HYMENEAL ENEMY

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Leaving Camp Fremont, in New York without orders, Private James Biddle was arrested as a deserter, tried by a drumhead court-martial, but the verdict was withheld when it was learned from his parents that the young man kept his faith by wedding the girl of his choice. The event occurred at a nearby village, and young Biddle made a sensation by returning inside military lines with a bride on his arm and a smile on his lips. There were nine "specifications" lodged against him, and his lawyer was a cousin of the bride, also in the ranks. This hymeneal escapade is of local interest, as Biddle has relatives in this section, who are interested in names near Mayer. He visited this section early in the year, remaining for a few months. It is probable a light sentence will be his lot, solely in order to preserve military discipline in the future.

VERDE BUSINESSMEN TO FORM ASSOCIATION

(From Friday's Daily.)

Businessmen of Verde valley have closed arrangements for taking over the carnival interests inaugurated by Dr. J. W. Osborn, and on next Friday a meeting is to be held at Camp Verde for perfecting the incorporating of the Yavapai Cowboy Association. Officers and a board of directors are to be elected, and matters shaped up for giving exhibitions, to consist mainly of cowboy sports, the move being patterned after the Prescott Frontier Days.

The membership is large and funds already have been subscribed to insure a successful undertaking. The date for giving entertainments is not to conflict with Prescott's future celebrations, and a spirit of co-operation is to prevail to make the latter a success. After organization it is proposed to give a grand ball at Camp Verde to signalize the launching of the movement. A State-wide publicity campaign is also to be launched in due time. Some of the purses to be offered will be sufficiently attractive to bring in the best artists of the range.

SHIPPING CATTLE (From Sunday's Daily.)

Few S. Hildreth, who was a brief visitor yesterday from Camp Wood, reported the gathering from his range of a bunch of steers, which is to be shipped in a few days to the Phoenix market. He is very much pleased with the condition of stock and grazing also is good for this time of the year. The report in circulation that he is negotiating the sale of his big farm lands in Williamson valley, he contradicts, saying the property is not and will not be on the market at any price.

SILVER MINES LEASED (From Saturday's Daily.)

Albert Griffin and Ernest Matthews leave today for Wolf creek, near Mayer, to take over under a lease the silver mines owned by Marshall Stoddard, and will establish a camp at once. This property was active in early days, and made a good record in production. The inducement for reviving this property is the attractive price for silver.

ONE WEEK MORE IN WHICH TO SIGN CARDS

FOOD PLEDGE CAMPAIGN IS EXTENDED UNTIL END OF PRESENT WEEK, AND CANVASSERS ARE STILL SECURING SIGNATURES.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Miss Grace M. Sparkes, county manager of the State food pledge campaign yesterday received a wire from Warren McArthur, State manager, stating that the campaign had been extended over into the present week instead of ending on Saturday last as had been originally intended. The extension of time was granted because of the fact that it had been virtually impossible for the canvassers in the various parts of the nation to see all of the persons whom it was believed would sign the food-saving pledge, and the extra week will enable the workers to complete the big job by cleaning up all of the unsigned pledges.

An effort is to be made during this week to round up all persons who may have been missed in the first week's efforts. Mr. McArthur's telegram of yesterday stated that a splendid response had been met with throughout the State in the matter of getting signatures, and that the reports which had been received up to Saturday night, indicated that practically everyone who had been asked to sign the cards had done so.

It is believed that throughout the entire country more than a million families have been added to the pledge enrollment through the past week's efforts. More than five million had already signed the cards prior to last week, so that just now more than six million are now recorded in the offices of the food administration in the national capital.

In one or two parts of the country, efforts were made by unknown influences to discourage the work of obtaining signatures to the pledges, a story having been circulated in the State of Iowa that the United States food authorities intended to confiscate all canned goods over and in excess of 100 cans from every housewife who had signed the pledge. Such rumors apparently went for naught as the campaign was an unequalled success in all parts of the country.

COPPER PROSPECT MAKES BIG SHOWING

(From Sunday's Daily.)

From practically surface workings George Reiff and Sam Pemberton are determining what is said to be an attractive copper property situated about seven miles west of Kirkland station. They are now loading the first product of over 50 tons for shipment to Humboldt, and sampling gives a 12 per cent copper content with gold values of \$22 to the ton. The above owners have established a camp recently, and for the past month have been quietly developing that section, which is but seldom frequented by mining people. Since the property has made such a good showing engineers are going into the above field, as well as prospectors entering.

TWO-FOOT BODY OF ORE ENCOUNTERED ON GREEN MONSTER

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Green Monster, although not yet a mine, is a potential one, in the belief of its president, Neill E. Bailey and Superintendent D. R. Finlayson, a two-foot body of sheared diorite carrying chalcocite, which assays 8.9 per cent copper, 1 1/2 ounces in silver and 1-20 ounce in gold having been cut into the past few days. This is the most encouraging development yet made on the holdings and justifies all the preliminary work leading thereto, in the opinion of Superintendent Finlayson.

The ore was opened in the east drift from the Gorge tunnel on the Cherry claim.

PROMINENT OPERATOR

(From Sunday's Daily.)

J. E. Morgan, recently of the Chloride field, but now identified with mines in Southern Yavapai, is again in the city, and in all probability will become interested in this section. He is making a specialty of silver investments, and later makes an examination of a noted property in this mineral rating of heavy production in early days. It is quite probable a deal will be negotiated, from reports in circulation.

BIG BEAN CROP (From Saturday's Daily.)

Charles Wallace was a visitor yesterday from Williamson valley and reported one of the most successful years ever known in farming, his crop of beans, potatoes and corn being the largest he has ever raised. Of beans he has 200 sacks, aggregating 30,000 pounds, the largest output of any individual grower in this county. This popular article of food is being brought to the city, the first load arriving yesterday.